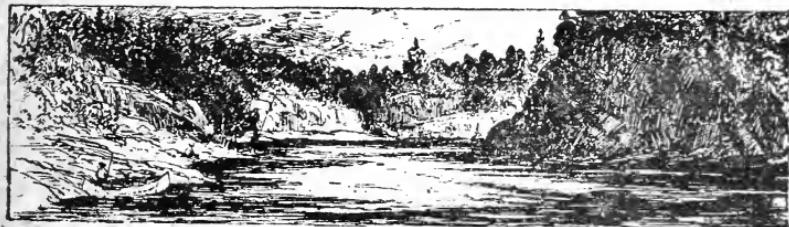


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MANITO'S MOCCASIN

—BY—

LELAND W. KINGMAN AND READ I. RIPLEY



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Manito's Moccasin

A Play for Boy Scouts

WRITTEN BY

Leland W. Kingman, Scout Commissioner

—AND—

Read I. Ripley, Scout Executive

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PUBLISHED BY

ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO

DENVER, COLO.

SYNOPSIS

PS635
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PROLOGUE—A Hunter's Camp at Night in a Northern Forest.

ACT I.—Scene 1. Near Farm house. Ten Miles South. Next Morning.

Scene 2. Scout Camp. Evening of Same Day. On Site of Hunter's Camp in Prologue.

(Curtain drops during this scene to show lapse of four hours.)

ACT II.—Scene 1. Scout Camp. Next Morning.

Scene 2. Same. After Supper, that night.

Scene 3. On Top of Ledge above Manito's Moccasin.

EPILOGUE—Hunter's Camp. Same Site as Camp in Prologue.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Andrew Wayne—A Trapper of the Northwest.

Mr. Moffat—Scoutmaster

Will Woodman—Senior Patrol Leader

Tom Sawyer—Assistant Patrol Leader

Stout Puffer—Bugler

Jim Wigglesworth—Honor Signaling Scout

Scratch Flint—Honor Firelighting Scout

Jack Splint—Leader of First Aid Squad

Emery Weal, Scout

Feather Waite, Scout

Bill Bones, Scout

Huck Finn, Scout

Percy Justin—Tenderfoot Scout

Ben Gunne—Just Farmer

Indian Jim—Indian Halfbreed Guide

Tenderfoot Scouts. Other Members of Troop.

STAGE PROPERTIES

LOON CRY—Victor Bird record, by Kellogg. A little practice and two chalk marks on record at points beginning and ending call is all that is required in the way of preparation

LEDGE ABOVE MANITO'S MOCCASIN—A raised platform placed at the extreme right wing of stage. Platform to be constructed so that one end will stand some two or three feet from floor and slope so that other end will touch floor. Cover with canvas or cloth and paint to resemble rock. Camouflage side toward audience with grass, rocks, pine, etc.

SOUND OF RUSHING WATER—Cheese box, sand, someone to turn crank. Take cover off a cheese box, nail 6 or 8 small shelves on inside of box, throw in a quart or two of sand, nail cover on; bore hole through each side of box, in center, so that a round stick placed through it will fit tightly and when twisted will turn box around. Put a handle on one end of stick; make a stand with cradle at the top; fit box into it, then turn crank. Sand will drop down, strike shelves, bounce off and so on. Turning crank slow or fast will regulate sound of water.

FLASH SIGNALLING—To be given through back curtain, trees or wings, from off stage. Place flash light in rolled oats box or any round cardboard box with bulb fixed so that it will flash through a small hole in bottom of box. This concentrates flash and gives a better distance effect.

Manito's Moccasin

PROLOGUE

Time—June.

Scene—A Hunter's camp in the forest somewhere in the Northern United States. Campfire, tent and duffle. Curtain rising discloses a woodman, Andrew Wayne, a man of about 45, preparing his supper.

Andrew—Wal, it's good to git back again into the woods whar there are none of them infernal squawkin' automobiles, and janglin' car bells. Nothin' to be heard 'round here but the sound of the river over yonder, and the wind in the pines. I haven't even heard from any o' them leetle friends o' mine; one o' them loons a-cryin', or a fox a-barkin', or a owl a-hootin'. Them sounds is jest as good as an orchestra to a man what's bin laid up in the city for weeks. Guess them leetle critters don't know I'm around yit. (*Gets up and goes into tent and immediately reappears with his mackinaw. He staggers a bit.*) I ain't quite as husky as I orter be yit, an' I need more clothes 'n I uster. I reckon Dr. Cabot would say "I told yer so," in that pleasant way o' his'n. He said I orter stay in the hospital another week yit, but I reckon the smell o' the wood smoke and the pines 'll fix me up as quick as the doctor could, now; meanin' no ongratitude for his kindness tho'—there's one o' them leetle fellers, now. (*Cry of loon is heard.*) Tomorrer I'll take it jest a bit easy. I'll git three, four mile up the river beyond Manito's Moccasin.

(Enter Indian half-breed with dripping paddle, a blanket and small pouch. Trapper is bending over fire.)

Indian—Bon jour.

Andrew—Hello, Jim, where bound?

Indian—H'm—you build um fire, cook um meal, Jim bound here—stay here.

Andrew—So? Wal, I don't mind your company s' long's yer behave yerself; but Jim, what on earth yer doin' 'round s' near the city? Yer orter kinder be shy whar they have real perlicemen with brass buttons.

Indian—Me go town, get new knife, new blanket.

Andrew—Yes, and whisky, too, Jim?

Indian—Me got job, good pay, guide Boy Scouts two week in woods; start tomorrow.

Andrew—Jim, why don't yer do a man's work? Yer never did any real work in yer life, and now yer pretend to have a job because yer are a-goin' to be nurse maid to a crowd of city boys.

Indian—Good money.

Andrew—(*Aside*) Yis, and ef I ain't mighty mistook in my jedgment o' that red Indian, them boys'll git a chanst ter do some real scoutin' arter some o' their duffe.

Andrew—(*speaking half to himself and half to Indian as both cook and eat.*) I was guide fer one o' them Scouts and his father three year ago. Feller said he was a tenderfoot Scout. He was, all right. Them people make the mistake o' their lives, comin' into the woods. They weren't the right kind. They said they wanted to rough it, but, say, they'd a orter brought along one o' them butlers instead o' me. They had air-cushion beds, and a foldin' bath tub, and foldin' chairs—regular foldin' Hotel Astoria. The ole man wore one o' them sportin' suits that's made by a Fifth Aveny tailor an' what ye never see outside o' a theater. The boy he wore his Scout suit—that warn't so bad. But that young feller were the crankiest leetle baby I ever sot eyes on. He wanted his grape fruit and steak and eggs for breakfast, planked steak for dinner, and lamb chops and angel cake for supper. He wouldn't lug any duffle, wouldn't git any fire wood, and wouldn't paddle except when he took a notion. Fer all that I had a kinder sneakin' likin' fer the

young chap an' felt a bit sorry fer him. I kinder felt he had a good spark in him but it had been smothered into a smudge by his mother's babyin' and his dad's stuck-up ways. Funny, their name was Woodman. The boy's name was Will, ef I recollect right--Will Woodman, a real farrin' name. Well, Jim, let's roll up. (*He gets up and stretches and looks up at the stars.*) Good day, to-morrer, Jim. (*Goes into tent.*)

(*Indian rolls up in blanket. Cry of loon is heard.*)

CURTAIN

ACT I.

Scene 1.

(*Near farm house at edge of forest. Scouts with packs march on stage. Percy Justin has an enormous pack.*)

Scoutmaster—Troop halt! Fellows, this is where we are to meet our guide. I'll go in and inquire about him. Break ranks!

Woodman—Well, I'm glad we are getting into the woods. I was up here once with my dad, and we had a great time. But it's wild though.

Finn—Huh! Wild? Can't beat this bunch much. You all look as though you had just broken loose from one of them feeble institutes.

Sawyer—You haven't taken a good look at yourself, have you—

(*Scouts laugh.*)

Weal—That's right. Noticed you didn't complain when I gave you a lift with your pack.

Finn—Course not. It wasn't heavy. Thought you wanted to carry it for ballast. Things lighter than air float, you know.

Justin—He didn't offer to carry my pack. Gee, I'm all in.

(Scouts laugh and point at *Percy*.)

Finn—Look who's here. The champion piano mover. Say, *Perce*, play us a tune while you're waitin'.

Waite—I'll bet his mother packed his toothbrush in a flour barrel, so it would get properly ventilated.

Bones—Aw! No! He's just bringing the city along for company.

Weal—Do let us have a look inside, *Perce*. What kind of a stove did you bring? A Magic?

Justin—Well, mother said I'd need some of the comforts of home 'fore I got through. Anyway, I've got a better outfit than any of the rest of you. I'll bet your mothers didn't bother to fix things up for you this way.

Finn—Righto, *Perce*, my boy. You can just believe us, we know more about camping than mother ever thought of. Guess you'll think so, too, 'fore this trip's over. But open up the general delivery store and show us what you've got. Maybe we'll get a few new ideas. (*Steps over to Percy* and pulls a package out of pack. *Breaks it open and discloses pair of fancy bed shoes*.)

Waite—Haw, haw, haw! Good night! Did she think you'd get cold feet?

Bones—Perhaps he brought some mustard to sprinkle in the brook, so he can take a hot mustard bath every time he sneezes.

Finn—What's all tied up in the rubber blanket? (*Pokes at it*.)

Justin—That's my bed, and mother said to put the blanket 'round it so it wouldn't get damp.

Finn—(*Sign of horror*.) Your bed? Say, what's that?

Justin—Didn't you fellows bring one?

In Chorus—NO!

Justin—Well, what are you going to sleep on?

Weal—Oh, probably on the back of a porcupine.

Finn—I shall probably find a bird's nest and crawl into that.

Woodman—Have a heart, fellows. Percy's only a tenderfoot and doesn't understand much about camping yet.

Chorus—Right!

Woodman—We ought to be helping him rather than

Chorus—We are.

Woodman—Percy, when we go camping we plan to rough it. We make our beds by filling our brouse mattress with dry leaves, grass or pine needles, or make a bed with fine twigs of balsam and hemlock on the ground. On top of this we throw our blankets and pin them together so that our feet won't stick through.

Justin—Mother didn't tell me that. She gave me a mattress. (*He unrolls mattress from pack.*)

(*Scouts overcome by this blow, and some fall on mattress.*)

Finn—Percy, what else have you in your freight car? Better unload here; the rates are higher, up on the mountain.

Bones—Yes; for the love of Pete, unpack that thing now, and leave the silver and cut glass here for the natives.

(*Percy remonstrates, but Finn and Bones proceed to relieve him of his pack and bring it toward front and center to unpack it. Finn and Bones pull things out and pass them to Scouts to display.*)

Waite—(*holding up pillow*) Blessings on the dear little man. He planned on sweet dreams. Just wait. (*Gives Weal a nudge and tosses pillow at Percy.*)

(*Percy shows signs of being uncomfortable.*)

Weal—(*Unties a package and reveals a pie.*) Oh, say! And mother made this. See you later, fellows.

(*Exit Flint with Wigglesworth following. Percy very uncomfortable.*)

Waite—(*Reveals cooking outfit, enormous frying pan, etc.*) A regular soup kitchen. Where are the wheels, Percy?

Finn—(Holds up pack bag—shows potatoes.) Suffering cats! Lock the doors. Send for Hoover. He has been hoarding up supplies. Great Scott! Are you planning to stay here all summer, Justin?

(Percy very, very uncomfortable.)

Woodman—Enough, fellows! You've teased Percy more than was necessary.

Finn—Oh, ho! You must have a brotherly feeling for Justin. It wasn't so long ago you were a tenderfoot, yourself.

(Scouts have the laugh on Woodman.)

Woodman—Yes, and I learned my lesson, thanks to you fellows. And I guess by this time Percy knows more. Some of you fellows give him a lift. Help him pack up the stuff he needs; leave the rest at the farm house. Better divvy up on some of our own duffle when we reach camp.

Finn—Course we'll help him. Gee, Percy, you're lucky you didn't get it worse after that exhibition. I've got enough grub for two. You can chum around with me. I'll give you a few lessons in do-masticated sce-ance.

Justin—Gosh! And mother thought she was doing me a good turn.

(Justin and Finn pick up things and repack some of them.)

(Scoutmaster enters with farmer.)

Scoutmaster—Boys let me introduce Mr. Ben Gunne. He is the owner of this farm and it is at his house that Tom, the Guide, was to meet us.

Gunne—Howdy, boys. Dawn't yer look cute in them panterets and shin guards? Whatcha doin' with them 'tata bags roun' yer neck?

(Boys nod and grin.)

Scoutmaster—Mr. Gunne tells me that our guide has had to give up the trip as his mother is dangerously ill. He has gotten hold of an Indian half-breed who he says knows the woods all right, although he doesn't know

much about him. I am disappointed, for Tom was a fine fellow and a crack-a-jack woodsman, but as long as we are here we might take a chance with the Indian. He couldn't do much harm, anyway. He isn't likely to scalp us.

Bones—Say, that's great! I'm glad the other fellow didn't show up. I'd rather go with an Indian. It'll be all the more exciting.

Gunne—Wal, I neva. I hed reckoned you fellows was sort of a particular bunch. But ye don't seem to be a might fussy. Ef Jim is feeling up to his usual capacity et'll be excitin' enuff—

(Enter Indian.)

Gunne—Samanthy peppers, ef here ain't that red bird now. Howdy, Jim. Jes' bin a-tellin' these fellers 'bout ye. They say as how yer a-goin' to haul 'em up 'n the woods a peg.

Jim—H'm! Sure! Me guide Boy Scouts. (Points to Scouts.) That um?

Gunne—Yes, that's um. And, Jim, this 'ere's Mister Muffin, the Scoutmistress.

Mr. Moffat—Howdy, Indian Jim. Glad you could come. Boys, this is our guide.

(Indian grunts. Boys in unison say, "How, Jim.")

Scoutmaster—If you're ready, we will start right along. Want to get into camp before sun down.

(Indian nods and starts toward right of stage.)

Scoutmaster—Troop fall in! Well, Mr. Gunne, we wish to thank you for your kindness. Will see you on our way back. Troop forward march!

(Scouts, led by S. M., march off stage at R.)

Gunne—Good luck to ye, boys. Keep yer weather eye out fer elephants and ants; the woods are full of 'em. (after boys are off stage.) Purty good lookin' outfit, if I do say so. Those Kartchy suits make 'em look real spry. It's well they have this 'ere Muffin along, 'cause I hev a sneakin' notion that that ere half-breed ain't just

on the square. (*Dinner bell rings off stage.*) Oh, land of notion, that's Tabitha clangin' that 'ere church bell. Prob'ly Molly's bruk through the fence into them peas again. Wished I could teach that critter some of them Scout laws Mr. Muffin was tellin' me about. He says a Scout is trustworthy and obedient. But I'll be swiggled if I could drive that through that cow's brain with an express engine. (*Walking off stage.*)

CURTAIN

Scene 2.

(*Site of camp in Prologue. Scouts with packs come on stage preceded by Indian and Scoutmaster.*)

Indian—Camp here.

Scoutmaster—(*looking about*) This looks like a good place, Jim. High ground, near the river, trees, but no underbrush here. All right, fellows; we will make our first camp here. Get your packs off.

(*Scouts relieve packs.*)

Sawyer—Somebody else thought this was a good place to camp not very long ago. Here's some ashes that haven't been rained on yet.

Indian—Me camp here last night. Andrew Wayne, too. Him gone up river.

Woodman—Who's that you say? Andrew Wayne, a guide? Say, that must be the same fellow that father hired for a trip up to Big Moon Lake three years ago when I went with him. I'd like to see him again. He was a fine specimen—knew all there was to know about the woods, and was a great fellow besides. You kind of felt that no matter what happened if he was around it would be all right. He didn't do but mighty little talkin', but what he did say was worth listening to, if it wasn't always school English. He'd measure up as big as most any man I ever saw. If he hadn't loved the woods so much he wouldn't leave them, he'd have been a senator or something, I'll bet.

Indian—Him big man. Injun call him Ah Meek--Beaver.

S. M.—I'd like to know him. I think I have heard something about him before. Fellows, now lets get our fires going right away. You, Beavers start your fire here; Bears, there's a good place over there by that boulder for yours, and you Eagles can make yours in that little open space. Patrol Leaders, see to getting in plenty of wood, and send a couple of fellows from each patrol to the river for water.

Pfuffer—Come on, Bears, tote your duffle over here.

Wigglesworth—Eagles, this way with your suit cases.

Woodman—Some of you fellows get your kettles out of your kits, then two of you tenderfoot Scouts get some water. The rest of us'll rustle wood.

(All start to unpack their kits, etc. *S. M.* has his beside tree to right.)

Weal—This is some place, ain't it?

Finn—You bet! Painted ceilings, artistic wall paper and velvet carpets.

Waite—Velvet carpets! You mean marble floors.
(Locates a few stones and throws them on the ground.)

Bones—Are you going to bunk under cover tonight?

Weal—Of course; I've got a pup tent.

Finn—Oh, you'll miss half the scenery. Just stretch out on your blankets and trust to luck that the stars won't fall on you.

Waite—I like to watch the stars all right, but do you see that cloud off there? It is liable to rain before morning, and I have been out in the rain before. Never again.

Sawyer—That cloud doesn't mean anything but pleasant weather. You're no weather prophet. A rain cloud runs low and generally moves fast and it is dark or else has a grouchy looking face. Why, that cloud is smiling, full of sunshine. Better sleep out.

Waite—No, I guess not. (*Finally all go off stage but Indian, Will and S. M. Will starts off.*)

S. M.—Will.

Woodman—(*turns back and salutes*) Yes, sir.

S. M.—You have an Ingersoll with you, haven't you?

Woodman—Yes, sir.

S. M.—That's good—it's the proper thing to take in the woods, but I didn't have time to get one I was so busy finishing up work before leaving, so I've got my good watch with me that you fellows and your fathers gave to me last Christmas. It's altogether too valuable a watch to rough it in, so as long as you have that, I'll put it in my pack rolled up inside something—here, an extra sock will do. It can't get damaged here. (*Puts sock in pocket of pack.*)

(*Scouts appear with wood.*)

S. M.—Flint, let's see what you can do with the fire drill.

(*Flint makes fire without matches; lights grow dimmer.*)

Flint—(*calls*) First fire.

Scouts—(*in unison*) Good work.

Woodman—Let's get some soup going and then have some bacon.

(*Scouts get out blankets, pup tents, cook, etc.*)

Finn—Say, I'm so hungry I could almost eat the bristles off a brush.

Bones—You always did look rather hungry. What's on your menu?

Finn—Steak, baked potatoes and hoe cake. There's nothing like a real good tramp to give me an appetite.

Bones—Feel pretty good myself. I'm going to heat up some soup and bake a little twist.

Waite—Soup? After that hike? Ain't you feeling well?

Bones—Sure; but what's the use of stuffin' yourself after such a strenuous day as this. It isn't good for you. Soup is just as nourishing as steak, especially at night. You'll be dreaming you're a millionaire and keep us awake with your groaning.

Waite—Groaning? While dreaming I was rich? If I dreamt I was a millionaire I'd wake you all up and treat you to an ice cream soda.

Finn—Stop that noise.

(*Scouts gather about fire, others from patrols stroll on stage.*)

S. M.—Tomorrow, on our way up the river a mile or two above here, we'll see a curious place that the Indians call Manito's Moccasin. A stream comes down from the hills and empties into this river but just above the junction the stream plunges off a cliff about thiry feet high into a basin which is shaped like the print of a gigantic moccasin. The sides are almost as smooth as worn leather and almost vertical. The water whirls around in there clear as a crystal, then rushes out through a deep notch at the further side of the basin at what would be the toe of the moccasin and on into the river. There is an interesting Indian legend about the place.

Indian—No good place—bad luck go there.

S. M.—Well, Jim, I guess we'll take a chance. These Scouts'll want to see the place in broad daylight. What do you say, fellows, want to hear the yarn?

Scouts—(*in chorus*) Sure thing.

S. M.—Well, bunch up.

(*The Legend*)

The Great Spirit, Manito, once came, in the dead of night, to watch over a tribe of Algonquins, who were preparing themselves against an attack from a neighboring tribe. The great Manito guided them in their council, and finding that they were carrying out his plans, withdrew, but before going, and in order to let them know of his

presence, he made a very deep footprint with his moccined foot. It was at the bottom of a very steep cliff near the camp. The next morning the Indians discovered the mark, and being aware of Manito's presence, took courage, and not only withstood the attack but won a great victory. The tribe made the spot sacred and as the years rolled by a mountain stream was turned in its course and ran over the edge of the cliff. It wore away the footprint, but as it did, it created a new and gigantic one, moulded out of the solid rock beneath, until finally a deep and treacherous pool had been formed.

Tradition tells us that loons from Moon Lake used to fly at evening back and forth to the pool and that one night at dusk, a young Indian brave, who had that day committed a crime, stood at the top of the cliff looking down into the pool, when, a loon flying overhead cried out. At the same time the great Spirit seemed to appear before the Indian to accuse him of his treachery. Startled, he stepped too near the edge, slipped and toppled headlong into the pool. He cried out for help and tried frantically to climb up the steep and slippery sides, but in vain. There was no response except the mocking cry of the loon and with one final effort he reached for a broken piece of ledge, missed and slipped beneath the darkened surface.

S. M.—Well, let's have a song to keep away bad medicine.

(Scouts sing.)

S. M.—Is it time for tatoo, Will?

Woodman—About 9:05.

S. M.—Let her go, Pfuffer.

(Pfuffer blows tatoo.)

S. M.—Turn in, fellows. Taps in fifteen minutes. But first, for the benefit of you younger fellows, I'll show you how to roll up in a blanket. *(Demonstrates.)* Lie down on your back. Pull your blanket up over you to your chin, then raise your legs from the hips this way, then throw first one side of your blanket and then the oth-

er about your legs. Now, roll over on one side and get the blanket well under you; then on the other and you're as snug as the proverbial bug. Now, do it yourselves.

(Scouts except Beaver Patrol leave stage and Beavers prepare to sleep.)

(Scouts get off local hits. Scoutmaster blows whistle, and taps sounds off stage. Curtain drops and is at once raised to show lapse of four hours. Cry of loon is heard. Indian rises and puts on his pack; creeps to the Scoutmaster's pack; takes out watch and goes off stage.) (Cry of loon.)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

Scene 1.

(Scout camp. Early morning. Scouts asleep. The sun is rising (brighter lights at intervals). Birds are heard singing (orchestra effects). Scoutmaster stirs and finally gets up. Walks center, stretches and then looks around camp. Goes to spot where Indian bunked, finds him gone, and appears surprised.)

S. M.—That's queer. Wonder what that red bird is up so early for. Probably gone off for a morning appetizer. He can't keep quiet long. (Goes over to Scout Pfuffer and rouses him.) Come, Stout! Time for First Call.

Pfuffer—(Sits up startled; rubs eyes.) H'm'm? What'd you say? Have I got to get up? Say, I was having a great dream. Dreamed I was sleeping on a feather bed so high I had to climb a ladder to get into it.

(Scoutmaster pulls rock out from under Stout's bed, holds it up.)

S. M.—So it was a real feather bed, was it?

Pfuffer—Don't they say that dreams go contradictory?

S. M.—Looks like it. But come on. Sound the call.

(Pfuffer steps to center and sounds first call. Scouts stir, and one by one get up yawning. Appearance of each to be as comical as possible.)

Weal—Isn't this one peach of a morning?

Bones—Did you see the sun rise, Huck?

Waite—Which one?

Finn—Say, Percy, anyone pull the slats out of your bed last night?

Justin—(laughing) No, they did that yesterday afternoon. I slept fine. Didn't know a self-made bed could be so comfortable.

Woodman—(addressing S. M.) Where's Indian Jim? Said he would teach me how to thatch a roof for a lean-to this morning.

S. M.—Oh, he'll be back shortly. Bugler, sound reveille.

(Pfuffer sounds call.)

S. M.—Fall in for setting-up exercises.

(Scouts fall in line.)

Woodman—Right dress! Front! Salute! (Steps three paces toward S. M.) Sir, the troop is formed.

S. M.—Take your station! Attention!

(Squads count off. Take intervals and go through setting-up drill.)

S. M.—At 7:30 be ready for inspection. The program for the day will be given out at that time. Break ranks and prepare mess.

(Scouts go through various maneuvers preparatory to getting breakfast.)

Bones—Whatcha eatin' for breakfast, Huck?

Finn—Grape fruit on the half shell, oatmeal and whip cream, sirloin steak and baked potatoes, hot rolls and—

(Scouts show signs of throwing frying pans and kettles at Finn, who exits hurriedly.)

Justin—(to Scoutmaster) Is it time to eat, yet?

S. M.—(*Pulls out Ingersoll*) Well, what do you know? This honest-to-goodness town clock has stopped. Just open my duffle bag and see what my real watch says.

Justin—All right, sir. (*Goes to S. M.'s pack, fumbles through duffle.*) I don't find it, sir.

S. M.—It's tucked in the pocket, rolled up in a gray sock, next to the first aid box.

Justin—(*Pulls pack forward and searches through it excitedly.*) I can't seem to locate it.

S. M.—(*Going toward Justin*) Why, it is there somewhere. It couldn't be lost. I haven't moved the bag since I put it there. (*Looks around inside bag.*) That is mighty funny. It certainly has disappeared.

Sawyer—(*entering with Flint*) Say, fellows! I believe the Indian's left us. We tried to find his trail and follow him through the woods, but we couldn't find a sign anywhere, and his blankets and pack aren't here.

Flint—Yes. Tried some of those trail following stunts he told us about yesterday. Fat chance. He must have gone out backwards and climbed into an airplane.

Woodman—I'll bet he's got the watch. Come on, fellows. We've got to find the trail. We'll start at the river.

(Scouts *exeunt hurriedly*; S. M. *left on stage.*)

S. M.—Woodman!—Fellows! Never mind! Hey, Wait until— (*Rushes off stage shouting after them. Scoutmaster returns to stage, Woodman following. Other Scouts come back, show signs of protest.*)

S. M.—It would only be a waste of time, fellows, and besides, it would most likely spoil our trip.

Woodman—But he stole your watch, Mr. Moffat.

S. M.—Yes, and he is probably ten long miles from here by this time.

Sawyer—We ought to do something.

S. M.—Perhaps we can do something later, but for the present let's decide what we shall do. We are now

without a guide and will not be able to make the trip we had planned.

Bones—Can't we go up to Moon Lake?

S. M.—I think not. I am not familiar with this part of the country and wouldn't know the best trail and might lead you into further difficulty. This is a fine camping spot, and an interesting section. If you are willing, I think it best to spend our time here.

Woodman—All right, if you say so, Scoutmaster, but I don't feel just pleased about that watch.

Sawyer—Neither do I. We ought to report it to someone. Then they could catch him before he had a chance to sell it or trade it.

S. M.—I think it will turn up some day. The watch is very easy to identify and I had rather lose it, as much as I prize it, than interfere with your trip. Now, what do you say to our camping here and making day hikes to points of interest in the vicinity?

Bones—We are willing, if you say so.

Waite—Yes, that would suit us all right.

S. M.—Then, that's settled. Now get enough grub together for dinner, and we'll tramp up river to Manito's Moccasin. We'll try and shake off the effects of last night's affair. A change of scene will give us something different to think about.

Woodman—A cheer for Mr. Moffat. He is a genuine sport and jolly good fellow. Come on, fellows! The America yell for our Scoutmaster.

(America yell.)

CURTAIN

Scene 2.

(Scout camp—evening, after supper.)

Waite—Well, this has been a great old day.

Weal—Yes, if it hadn't been for that red devil running off with Mr. Moffat's watch, we'd a thought we were in the seventh heaven.

Bones—Mr. Moffat is a good sport though; he hasn't said a word about it since the first.

Justin—We'll have a better time staying here for a week than if we made the trip we planned, I think.

Finn—Yes, I should think you would. You wouldn't have lasted long with that pack of yours.

Justin—It's not as big as it was, though.

Finn—No, you'll do better next time. Going light is a thing you've got to learn by experience. It takes more time and brains to pack a little pack sack for a trip like this, than three or four trunks for a winter at Palm Beach. You've got to think of everything you absolutely need and leave out every little thing that adds unnecessary ounces.

A Tenderfoot—What's the use of bothering with a tooth brush, and soap, and hair brush? Cut out the unnecessary luxuries. Brush your hair with a stick and let the rest go.

Sawyer—(rather sharply.) I guess by the looks, you more than half mean that. Mr. Moffat says a gentleman is a gentleman in the woods or out of it. These fellows that try to show how much of a backwoodsman they are by going around looking like the underside of a fry pan only show how green they are. A real woodsman keeps tidy.

Waite—Where do you suppose Will and Jim Wigglesworth are? They went back to Manito's Moccasin to get Jim's sweater he left. They ought to be back pretty soon now, it's beginning to get dark.

Weal—This is a wild country, all right; great place in the day time, but when it gets along toward night, me for a cozy little seat alongside a campfire.

Bones—The thought of that wild spot up there by that old Basin kinder gives me the shivers.

Weal—I'm glad I'm not Will and Jim.

Finn—Did you hear all the things moving around in the woods, last night? I thought there must be three or four elephants and a half a dozen grizzlies. Inside a tent after taps; no starry canopy for mine here.

(Cry of a loon in distance. Some Scouts show distinct signs of alarm, while even the older ones feel a little creepy.)

Tenderfoot—It ain't safe around here without a gun. That must o' been a wild cat.

Tenderfoot—You don't suppose that Indian has got some of his kind to come and attack us.

Sawyer—It isn't so bad as that. That is a loon cry and I'll admit even when you know what it is, it kinder gives you the creeps.

(Far-off cry is heard. Scouts jump to their feet.)

Waite—What's that? Listen!

(Cry is heard again.)

Bones—Look! A flash signal. *(Calls.)* Signal! Hey, *Sawyer*, come read this signal.

(Scouts rush in.)

Sawyer—Dot, dot, dot, dot,—H, Dot,—E. Dot, dash, dot, dot—L. Dash, dash, dot,—P.

Finn—That's Will and Jim, and they're in trouble.

Sawyer—Wait a minute, he hasn't stopped. Dot, dash, dash,—*(Spells out "Will in Basin. Bring rope and first aid." Scouts rush about excitedly.)*

Sawyer—You fellows calm down and get your ropes and kit. We've got to work fast.

(S. M. enters hurriedly.)

S. M.—What's up, fellows?

Sawyer—Jim Wigglesworth has signalled by flash light from somewhere up the river that Will is in the Moccasin pool, and to bring ropes and first aid kit.

S. M.—That's bad. Splint, you and *Waite* get your staves, we may need a stretcher. *Bones* and *Finn*, get some blankets. Now, fellows, keep cool and follow me at Scouts' pace; it's some distance over there and we can make better time that way.

(Scouts go off stage.)

CURTAIN

Scene 3.

(Scene—Top of ledge above Manito's Moccasin. No one on stage as curtain rises. Roar of falls heard.)

Wigglesworth—(Rushes across stage) Oh, Will, are you all right? I've signalled to the troop and they're coming with ropes.

Will—(voice muffled.) Have them hurry, the water's cold—this fellow is badly hurt—he's helpless.

Wigglesworth—Can you hold on?

Woodman—A while longer.

S. M.—(calling in distance) Where are you?

Wigglesworth—Here, beside the Moccasin, near the Fall.

(S. M., followed by troop rush on from left.)

S. M.—What's the matter? Will fallen in?

Wigglesworth—No, he dived in from the top after a man who fell in. He can't get out because the rocks are worn too smooth. He has a foot hold and is holding the man a little out of the water—he can't hold out much longer.

(S. M. and troop look over edge of cliff at right.)

S. M.—Hold on, Will; we'll have you soon.

Woodman—(faintly) I'll hold on, sir.

S. M.—Fellows, make two long ropes by tying four scout ropes together for each. Use the Weaver's knot. You, first aid fellows, get your kits ready—better make a stretcher, too. Now, Waite, you take the end of this rope and tie a bowline around yourself under the arms. Half of you fellows get onto each of these ropes ready to pull. Now, Feather, you take the end of this other rope with you, and tie it about the man when we lower you over. When we get him up we'll drop the end over again for Will. All ready, fellows. Lower him down easy. Now, hold!

Waite—I've got the rope on him—pull him up.

S. M.—Walk away with it, fellows—easy now, give us a hand. Bring your stretcher. Put him down here. Now, Splint and Finn, you take care of him; we'll help you as soon as Will's up.

(*Splint and Finn get to work bandaging his head and applying splints to arm.*)

Waite—(*below*) Will's slipped off the rock and gone under! Let go the rope, so I can go after him.

S. M.—Now, steady, fellows. Tie two more scout ropes onto this so he can go in and get him out, but we'll still have hold of him. Go on, Feather, we've got you. (*Looks over.*) He's got him. (*Pulls in a little on rope.*) Give me the other rope end. Here, Feather, get this around Will.

Waite—Pull him up.

S. M.—Pull, fellows. Easy, now.

Scouts—Is he drowned?

S. M.—No, but he's in bad shape. You, Sawyer, and Weal, use the Schaffer method on him. Now, you fellows, haul up Feather. All right. Start a fire and get Feather dry and warm the blankets.

Weal—Hurry up, Tom, every minute counts. Watch his head and see that his mouth is not obstructed.

Sawyer—You count, and I'll force his lungs.

(*Weal counts off while Sawyer demonstrates Schaffer method.*)

Bones—He started to breathe then. Keep it up, not too fast.

S. M.—(*approaching*) How is he?

Sawyer—He is coming. Have the fellows get the blankets ready.

S. M.—Yes, and we have two stretchers. This other fellow is in a bad way. I'm afraid he has a broken arm, besides several cuts and bruises. We'll get them both back to camp as soon as possible. Better start rubbing Will's legs and body. He is breathing fairly well, now, and we must start the circulation. (*Will moves a little and shows signs of life.*)

Weal—See, he's coming to, now. Get those blankets ready.

S. M.—Get them on the stretchers now. We'll get back to camp as soon as possible.

(Stretchers brought and patients placed on them.)

Pfuffer—You hustle your patrol ahead, get a good hot fire going and a good supply of water boiling and heat some stones.

S. M.—Easy, now. Go ahead, fellows.

Andrew—(*rising on one elbow*) Where be I. Last I recollect I got sick and dizzy and I had a fall.

S. M.—You're in good hands. You had a fall, all right.

CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

(Camp—Same site as camp in Prologue—two months later. Will Woodman and Andrew Wayne working over duffle and fire, preparatory to getting supper.)

Woodman—If there is anything in a good start, our trip should be a successful one. This has been a corking day—a sort of sample of the fall days coming.

Andrew—Ef we kin find that Injun, I believe I kin pry out o' him what he done with that 'ere time-piece, then we orter be on a easy trail, fer it's sech an unusual one with that inscription and all. It may jest be that he can't get no one what'll buy it off'n him fer that reason.

Woodman—Well, I guess I'll take a kettle and get some water at the river. (*Exit.*)

Andrew—Thar's some change in that boy since I first set eyes on him three years ago. He would o' got lost then jest goin' to the river and he wouldn't o' gone anyhow ef it had bin on account of doin' a bit o' work. Now, he's always scratchin' 'round to see ef he can't find more to do.

(*Indian Jim enters and stands motionless. Andrew glances up.*)

Andrew—Well, I'll be ding busted. Be you a spook or a sure-'nough Jim Indian?

(*Indian grunts.*)

Andrew—What yer up to now? Lookin' for more Boy Scouts so you can pick up some more jewlry? Ware's that wrist watch o' yours?

Jim—What you know about watch?

Andrew—I know all about your little slight o' hand tricks.

Jim—Me give you watch—you give back Boy Scout. Him camp with you. Watch no good fer Jim. She bad luck.

Andrew—Yer don't mean ter say yer conshens is a-prickin' yer? Yer ain't got none.

Jim—Watch bad luck.

Andrew—I'm beginnin' ter make out some o' yer mental tracks. This is pretty close ter Manito's Moccasin and you've been a-hearin' o' thet loon. Eh, Jim? Manito's on your trail. I know thet yarn.

Jim—You give watch to Boy Scout. Jim go. (*Exit.*)

Andrew—Wal, I begin ter feel like my head got busted as well's the rest o' me. Things has worked out so peculiar like. Jest two months ago I wuz campin' with thet Jim Indian on this self same spot. I come from the hospital then jest the same as I have now. It's as ef the hands o' the clock o' time had bin turned back—no it ain't like thet either, fer I've learned a heap o' things these two months thet wuz worth gettin' busted up again to larn. I recollect well when I wuz here last, how I joshed thet Jim Indian 'bout bein' a nurse maid to Boy Scouts; I recollect how I made oncomplimentary remarks about Will Woodman. Well, I'll never do either o' them things again. Ef it weren't fer Will I wouldn't o' ben here or anywhere else on this earth and ef it weren't fer thet herd o' boys and their Scoutmaster, neither on us

would o' ben. I didn't know much about what wuz goin' on at the time, but I hev larnt since how they used their trainin' thet night, so effective, their signalin', their knot tyin' and their scouts' pace and first aid and all o' them things besides showin' great workin' together spir-it. Best o' all though, in this Scout business is what it makes o' the fellers themselves. Jest the way it made a real man o' Will—and then the way them boys did look after me in the hospital and wuz always doin' their good turns and they showed thet they knew how to turn ordinary bad luck into a joke and take downright calamity like gentlemen. A Boy Scout is a—here comes thet boy. He'll think today was a lucky start fer sure.

(Enter Woodman. Andrew holds up watch.)

Woodman—(*showing surprise*) Why where did you get that? That's Mr. Moffat's watch.

Andrew—Indian Jim dropt in while you wuz down to the river. Didn't stay long. Jest 'bout long enuff to unload this 'ere time-piece, then he lit out. Do you know, Will, I kinder think suthin' is a-troublin' him right pert.

Woodman—Surely something is the matter to have him bring the watch back.

Andrew—Yes, I guess it's jest about as I surmised.

Woodman—And, how's that?

Andrew—I reckon that Manito's on his trail.

Woodman—And I reckon you're right.

CURTAIN



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